

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS. MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878. VOL. 12.---NO. 11.

ATTENTION!

THE PLACE TO BUY
CHEAP GOODS
And Good Goods
IS AT
JARNAGIN & KINCAIDS',
THE NEW STORE.

They have now on hand a LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, &c.,

Which they are determined to sell at STRICTLY NEW YORK PRICES.

Also Groceries and Family Supplies.

Hardware, Queensware, &c.
GO AND SEE THEM.

Cor. Main & Cumberland Sts., MORRISTOWN, TENN.

L. C. SHEPARD,



UNDERTAKER,
Knoxville, Tenn.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
Metallic Caskets and Cases, Wood Caskets and Cases of every grade and price, ready for use. Orders by Telegraph will receive personal and prompt attention. Terms satisfactory.

FOR SALE!
A Valuable Tract of Land.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS AU-
thorized by Dr. Wm. I. Anderson to sell a Tract of Land, lying in Hamilton County, Tennessee, containing about 200 acres in the tract of 1000 acres owned by Dr. Anderson. The land is well timbered, and has a good water course running through it. A good barn and other improvements are on the tract. For further information, apply to Dr. Wm. I. Anderson, Knoxville, Tenn.

W. M. WILMETH,
MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Has now on hand a complete stock of
Family Groceries,
To which he has recently added a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Which he offers cheap for Cash. He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce.

J. K. LAWLESS,
Harness and Saddle Maker,
MAIN STREET,
Morrison, Tenn.

Has removed from the Tan-
nard to the "ROOM" over B. S. Sams' jewelry store. He has a full line of short boots, and on reasonable terms. Saddle and harness of every description, will be put up in first-class style, in a neat and cheap manner. Repairs also will be made in a neat and cheap manner. Give me a call and be satisfied.

MRS. KATE DALLAS,
MILLINER,
—And Dealer in—
Millinery Goods,
No. 34 Temple Block,
Market Square,
KNOXVILLE, - TENN.

LOOKOUT BANK
—OF—
Morrison, - - Tenn.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
JOHN MURPHY, R. E. RICE,
G. T. MAGEE, W. C. KAYNES,
W. A. HOWELL.

Will transact a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
RECEIVE Deposits, Buy and Sell Exchange, Gold and silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms. May 19, 1878.

O. C. KING, W. D. GAMMON,
King & Gammon,
Attorneys-at-Law
—AND—
Solicitors in Chancery.
OFFICE,
Corner Main and Cumberland Streets, over P. O.
COLLECTORS OF SPECIALTY. Feb 20 1878

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE
Is Published at \$2 a Year.

Time Table E. T., V. & G. R. R.

Passenger Train No. 1	Passenger Train No. 2	Passenger Train No. 3	Passenger Train No. 4	Passenger Train No. 5	Passenger Train No. 6	Passenger Train No. 7	Passenger Train No. 8	Passenger Train No. 9	Passenger Train No. 10
6:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	10:45 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
4:45 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	6:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	9:45 p.m.	10:45 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	12:45 a.m.	1:45 a.m.

Freight Train No. 11
Freight Train No. 12
Freight Train No. 13
Freight Train No. 14
Freight Train No. 15
Freight Train No. 16
Freight Train No. 17
Freight Train No. 18
Freight Train No. 19
Freight Train No. 20

C. G. & C. R. R.
Daily Freight and Passenger Trains—Sundays excepted.
Arrive at Morrictown, 4:05 p.m. Depart 7:20 a.m.
Arrive at Wolf Creek, 4:05 p.m. Depart 7:20 a.m.

To Business Men.
Advertising in the MORRISTOWN GAZETTE is the most effective means of securing business, and the article offered is of good quality and at a fair price, the natural result of increased sales.

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A SUCCESS.
Brica-Brac Visits Rose Hill High School Commencement.

To the Editor of the Morrictown Gazette:
Just back from Lee county, after experiencing the commencement of "Rose Hill High School." Query: why are the closing exercises of a school called a "commencement?" You've been to Rose Hill; know all about the kindness of its people, and that eight miles of buggy road; the Beaver Dam Spring at Nat. Ewing's; the peculiar cove-like formation of the Dr. Ewing settlement; the grove-sprinkled knoll, crowned with its chalky church edifice; the fence all gone to sticks and the blacksmith's shed in the consumption! Well, if you've been there, I needn't describe; if you haven't, even "Riding's" pencil could but give you the corpse; you must experience the boundless, yet delicate administered, hospitality of the people, who live aside that eight miles of comforting gravel, to grasp what is meant by "I have been up at Rose Hill!"

For the subject matter of the exercises I enclose the printed programme.

Your correspondent did not reach the scene of the catastrophe until Thursday, the 16th instant, at 2 p.m., Greenwich time. One has heard of exozoe, hydrogen, oxygen, and several other things that enter into the forty miles of atmosphere, which embrace this "footstool," but Thursday a new element was discovered, called "Boating Tide." Upon the heavens above, the earth beneath, upon everything moveable or immovable under the whole canopy of heaven was inscribed—not in letters of living fire—but in characters of pouring rain, splashing mud grinding lineaments and gum overcoats; the talismanic motto "Boating Tide." And had the bugler Gabriel taken a notion to sound to sinners, "boot and saddle," every mother's son of the vast army of Chattanooga martyrs would have raised their arms to the flood gates of heaven; and with one hand grasping a rubber-tipped lead pencil, the other convulsively closing on a Dr. Pearce memorandum almanac; gone down crying "vice to boating tide!"

Thursday eve we had a most satisfactory slice of that, which, under ordinary circumstances, goes a long way towards soothing the savage breast. Comparison would be "deciduous;" but the opening choral to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and a piece called "Two horses, gray horses—halloo—cheebung!" seemed to please the most. To Dr. DeBow Taylor of Jonesboro, the audience were indebted for being first made as "happy as a big sun flower," and then put in their little beds. The Doctor himself passed the night in a two-by-four crib, with a veil over his classic features. For this fact I have the affidavit of the Doctor himself. Jest aside, the Doctor's contribution added largely to the pleasure of the evening. The entertainment was brought out under the supervision of Mr. H. A. Humphreys; who, with an ardent love of music, combines pains taking and a Job-like disposition.

If your correspondent didn't sleep well Thursday night the matter can readily be settled by referring to a Congress of the European powers! After a supper and breakfast, taken (I mean enjoyed) at Mr. Tip Richmond, he gained sixty pounds; and it took four men, a yoke of steers, and a ton of dynamite to get him from the table; and after he got into the public road, 'twas seriously thought of removing him as an obstruction to travel. He don't often eat much, but this time he rather overdid the matter.

The morn, the auspicious morn, dawned damply, showerily, mistily, and the ride to the church, a matter of 2 1/2 miles, was like Scott's "Leone." "dash, dash, along the shore; splash, splash, splash, through the sea." The average intelligence, and more than average lineaments beauty of your beloved, readily gained him a seat upon the platform, where with a line of battle of pretty girls behind him, and with the audience in front, his eyes, in about twenty minutes, began to look like Ben Butler's.

I had thought of personallizing the participants in the stage exercises; but, as many's fond mother is doubtless murmuring, "Tyrant spare my child," I will not cut adrift the Damocles' sword. By the way, didn't Damocles originally come from Carter county? Every one was the best.

The morning exercises closed, as you will see per programme, with an excellent address from Hon. D. Y. Lytle of Manchester, Ky. As Mr. Lytle's address will probably be pamphletized, I won't inflict, save to say, that 'twas to Education an invaluable acquisition—open to, and to be sought by, the poorest lad. Blended with the educational roof was a

warp complimentary to Masonry, its achievements and its mission. You know how it is yourself. He didn't produce the "gridiron" or the "goat," to which you know (this is in strict confidence) the letter "G" is dedicated in triplicate with "gruel"; but then you know that would have revealed our secret. Col. Lytle is a self-made man; little in name, but large in heart; and those present, if they don't know it already, were fortunate in hearing his remarks. Now, Colonel, how will that do? Don't say, I've forgotten you or the nice dinner we had together.

And here a few remarks explanatory. This Rose Hill business is under the auspices of the "Martin Station Lodge No. 188—A. F. and A. M. Dow Fulkerson, W. M." As a stimulus to the aspirants for prominence, five medals were gotten up by the Lodge, two silver and three gold; and were presented on Friday evening, thusly:

C. C. Fulkerson, Bales Mill, Va., elocution; Maggie McLin, Rose Hill, Va., music—small juveniles—silver.

W. E. Morison, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., declamation; W. E. Evans, Tazewell, Tenn., Original Speech; Miss Sue Tuggle, Pineville, Ky., Original Composition.

In addition, a gold medal was contributed by Bro. Charles Willoughby of the Jonesville "Lee Co. Sentinel," a neat thing; material, gold; and won by Miss Dora Bales of Rose Hill, Va., for "excellence in music." The medal presented Mr. Morrison is before me. A Maltese cross; the concave thrown out in angular convex, giving twelve salient angles to the cross, instead of the usual eight. Width from angle to angle, one inch. The inscription reads, "primus inter pares," that means "good paring apples, or early rose potatoes." This translation is rather free! Reverse—read, "Presented by Martin's Station Lodge No. 188—A. F. and A. M." The one before me is hung to a first-class shoe string. I suppose this means, the owner is able to do the shoe lather business? I would have said, but he is so modest he would rush to the mountains and cry, "Why is this, thusly!" At the same time I must say, I am truly glad he has so worthily upheld the colors of Cumberland Gap. We Gap-ites are an unusually smart set of fellows anyhow.

The afternoon of Friday was consumed in reading; but long before the shades of eve set in the church was crowded. Shall I attempt to depict the surroundings? A murmuring, fanning, twittering, crowding, sweating, jostling, perfume o'er-bung, amber-besprinkled, seething, restless crowd; a parterre of Japanese fans, fearful and sweet hairs, bouquet-dotted intervals. A glimpse occasional of plaited golden hair and cerulean eyes, a flash of brunetish style, quickly seen, as rapidly lost; a doing up of stray black hair by the prudent mother, anxious that her darling should make an impression; amidship a big black sun bonnet, which, when removed, showed antiquity scowling through a white handkerchief blinding ears and jaws; while pervading this whole confused mass of humanity passed and repassed young gentlemen in cerulean neck ties, whose anxiety to appear at ease made them walk stiff legged.

I took an observation, and found the Tazewell band bearing S. S. E. by S. and set my compass. At the close of a long summer day, I arrived within telegraphic signal of Prof. Patty. A word for the band. What Patty don't know about music ain't worth spending a life time in seeking. We were glad to see Judge Townsley among the followers of Jubal. We shook hands with the Judge; and acquiring, with becoming modesty, a chair of the spilt-bottomed persuasion, then, gazing around, we awaited the millennium.

All things have an end, and at 10.30 p.m. all was over. Next in order came the presentation of medals. To Clarence C. Fulkerson, Dr. Morgan made the speech of presentation, as also to Miss Maggie McLin. The Doctors remarks were apt. To Miss Dora Bales a medal was presented by Col. Wm. H. Patterson. We have rarely seen the Colonel in better vein. His speech lasted two hours and a half; and during its delivery you could have heard a pile of dishes drop. The medal to Mr. Morrison was presented by Prof. A. C. Kelley. The Professor's remarks were very sweet, in fact, were based from a sugar barrel. The Professor will understand. To Miss Sue Tuggle, one of Kentucky's gentlest daughters, our good friend, Henry Patton, conveyed the souvenir of merit. Mr. Patton had left his speech in his overcoat; but when did "Mot" ever fail? What to do with the speech left in the overcoat will take more talk. The concluding presentation, that of the prize for original oration to our young friend Wm. Evans of Tazewell, was made by Professor

Walthal, principal of the Jonesville Academy. The Professor evidently belonged to the Masonic order, but that didn't interfere with his address.

In the interim consumed by the committee on prizes, the audience were entertained with tableaux and dialogues humorous. Summing up the report of the Rose Hill High School proceedings in the language of the Pacific slope one can say, "it was a success;" and if any man says it was not a success; well,

How hard to say "farewell," as we journey through this vale of tears, this wicked, hard-hearted world; an oasis upon the Desert of Sahara (and) drifts on the beating tide of memory, such reunions as your correspondent has attempted, feebly he fears, to depict. Pleasant associations, rare hospitality, sweet girlish faces, frock coat, paper collar, and that indescribable gaucherie that reminds one of the time when he too was a boy, and thought himself smarter than his daddy when he framed a conception of his sugar-dock beyond perfection. A comparison of these conceptions with the gentle, hopeful, enduring face aside him, as a shadow, about which used to cluster those aforesaid raids into a sentimental future. A look at the saline, or saccharine droppings, upon hair or beard, that remind him even in the luxury of the retrospect that the whole thing is confounded nonsense; although 'tis as it is, and can't be any tiserter. Aslant these things comes the idea, that as it was, as it has been, it will be, it must be, forever, muchly, world without end. Yet 'tis pleasant to attend these exhibitions (especially if you can't get a seat) and revive days that are gone, much as one would overhaul a lot of old letters.

And must we say farewell; must we utter that dread word, adieu? I should think so; for although it is a mighty good thing to work up a lot of turkey, apple jelly, broad slabs of ham, and sugar-powdered pie, ameliorated by a goblet of custard; yet it isn't a mighty good thing to straighten up above matters thereafter; and everything, from the most delicate fabric in nature, grading up to a dish of baked beans, has a hereafter. And should man in his pride and vain glory mix cider and butter-milk, and indulge in like things that look only to the present, still, with rigid accountability, will old Time balance his books. And viewing the matters terrestrial in this way; and taking an average survey of the "commencement at the close," some one perchance may when the double XX century comes crowding upon us; I say some one, (I don't care who,) will raise his feeble voice, and in whispering accents breathe the sentiment, "I, too, was at Rose Hill."

Lack of Cheerfulness Business.
We cannot, if we would, deny that there is a lack of cheerfulness, which is one of the needs of the present times. Gloomy views, dismal forebodings, and the frequent prophecies of coming disasters are not the best incentives to stimulate the energy which is now required to be successful in any department of trade.

When one business man creaks to another of the discouraging outlook of commercial affairs, the refrain is taken up and sounded along the channels of trade until the nervous and timid become frightened, and are often, through fear alone, led to make failures and assignments for the benefit of their creditors.

There are just grounds for merchants, bankers and commercial men, generally to take a more hopeful view of the present condition of business, and speak to each other in a more encouraging tone. We are fast nearing a specie basis, Congress will soon adjourn, the present Tariff bill will not pass, so there will be no disturbing of values, the currency question will receive no further legislation, the crops promise the most abundant harvest the country has ever known, and the prices of all kinds of merchandise, commodities, and real estate have been adjusted to near the gold standard of values. In the dry goods trade the weak and unsound concerns have been weeded out, giving the honest, legitimate dealers less unfair competition, and this rule applies with equal truth to all branches of business.

Thousands have gone from the populous cities of the seaboard, where they could find no employment, to the Western prairies, and in the new and virgin soil are creating homes and adding to the true productive wealth of the nation. It is computed that thirty millions more acres of land have been sown, planted and killed this season than a year ago. This addition to the agricultural ranks are going on daily, and the lands along and contiguous to the railway lines in Nebraska and Minnesota are being rapidly absorbed by enterprising settlers, who have come to create new agencies of

independence for themselves and families.

Above the failures, bankruptcies losses and discouragements that now appear upon the surface of trade, there is slowly and surely drawing a brighter day for all the industries of the land, a safer and more prosperous period for the interchange of legitimate business, and with all this improvement there is also growing a higher moral standard in the administration of commercial affairs.

What we need, then, more than anything else, is nerve and energy to take the place of timidity and fear. Let cheerfulness relieve the mental strain that now prevades mercantile circles, and business men cultivate the habit of prophesying prosperity instead of disaster. It can do no harm, but will do much good.

*** N'S BABIES.

CHAPTER I.
Mr. Cutler was busy writing in his studio.

"Papa," said little Jem, "me and Frisk want to play with."

"Mr. Cutler wore a wig, and Frisk was the pet Spitz."

Mr. Cutler removed the wig from his polished cranium and handed it to little Jemmy.

Another plaintive voice was now heard under his chair, and a pair of tiny, bread and buttered hands stole over the broad expanse of Mr. Cutler's snowy vest and clean shirt bosom.

"Papa," asked little Wobbles, "may I paint on bald head?"

"But I am writing, Wobbles dear, and it will disturb me."

"I want to paint on head," again murmured the plaintive voice.

The soft heart of his father was touched. He bent his form until his brow, with its great rare expanse showing the glacial attrition of time, came within reach of Wobbles brush and box of water-colors.

As the child laid on shade after shade, and stripe after stripe, little Tipsey clambered on his desk, and overturned the ink on Mr. Cutler's manuscript, while Hepzibah, the little two-year-old, ran the steel pens into Mr. Cutler's calf. At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Cutler, bearing the twins, gazed upon the scene, while tears of joy ran down her face.

Beautiful indeed is that household where parents strive to make a genuine home for their children.

CHAPTER II.
"Mama," said little Jemmy, "I want to go to heaven."

"But you can't go now, dear."

"But I want to go. I want to go to-night. I will go!" said the child.

"Mrs. Cutler, awake Cutler pater, who was snoring the snore of the just."

"Cutler dear," said she, "Jemmy wants to go to heaven."

"Let him go," said Cutler, turning in bed, still three fourths asleep, and not himself at all.

"Cutler, you're a brute!" shrieked the mother. Then she faltered and the seven inexpressibles, awakened from sleep, set up a howl in concert.

CHAPTER III.
"Mama, dim me some matches," said little Tommy, the third inexpressible. Mrs. Cutler gave Tommy a box of matches.

"Papa," shouted a merry little voice, "Sammy wants tum-tum-powder."

"What do you want with gunpowder?" asked Mr. C.

"Oh, we's koin to de tumting."

Mr. C. smiled benevolently, kissed the child's ruddy cheeks, and sent immediately to the village store for a canister of powder.

"Mamma," piped the treble of little Jo, "I wants tum kersaine."

"What would you do with kersaine, dear?" asked Mrs. C.

"Oh, we'doin to have 'lumination."

Mrs. C. handed little Jo the gallon-can of kersaine, who presented a comical sight as his little bow-legs bent under the lead.

The seven inexpressibles were now seen busily engaged in a corner of the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler looked on with delight and parental satisfaction.

"Our cup of bliss is full, is it not dear?" said Mr. C. and Mrs. C.

Suddenly, out of the cluster of seven inexpressibles came a vivid flash, a loud report, and the air was filled with fragments of inexpressibles.

"They have gone," calmly remarked Mr. C.

"Yes, little Sammy said he would go to heaven to-night, but I didn't think that he would take the rest with him," replied Mrs. C.

"Dearest we are young yet," said Mr. C. to Mrs. C. with an expressive wink.—Puck

THIRTY YEARS AGO SHIRAZI
Indian Vermilion destroyed and expelled of worms where they existed, to the satisfaction of every one who used it. We guarantee it to do the same to-day.